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P.S. The health of your mother continues excellent. Mine also. I have substituted the drinking of tea water for tea and coffee, and am no longer troubled with my kidney complaint. (See diary regards to your all.)

Roxbury, Nov. 16, 1871.

My dear Wendell:

I see, by your letter to William, that you are expecting me in New York on my way to Philadelphia; but you will, in all probability, be disappointed, I am sorry to say. It is true, I told Lucy Stone and her husband that I strongly wished to attend the suffrage meeting at Philadelphia next week; and that I would try to do so. But I also told them not to announce me as positively engaged to be present. Whether they have done so, I do not know. The truth is, for the past two months I have been promising to prepare a sketch of the anti-slavery labors of Samuel J. May for his biography, which George B. Emerson is writing; and now, endurance having passed its bounds at my delay, I must devote the time it would take to go to Philadelphia, Orange, &c., to

completing the sketch aforesaid. Much do I regret that I shall thus be debarred from seeing you and Lucy, and her beloved parents, and Lloyd and Philip, as well as Oliver and his wife and other friends. I am afraid my absence will cause considerable disappointment at Philadelphia. A. H. Love and Mary S. Brown proffer me their hospitality in case of my coming.

We all laughed heartily at your description of the manner in which you all at the Park put on your "best bib and tucker" to receive Nilsson — to no purpose, so far as the charming prima donna was concerned. —

Why she did not call you did not state, and probably did not know. I have attended three of her concerts or operatic performances, and have been amply repaid. I hope that the Doctor proved true to his promise to procure free tickets for you and Lucy to hear her. There is something very pleasing in her face and winning in her manners.

I had seen and analyzed the poetical effusion of T. T. in The Golden Age, which you sent to William. If the writer meant to refer to his own case, then he certainly reflects with stinging severity upon his wife in the fourth stanza. It looks as if he did. If otherwise, then it is an absurd piece of morbid sentimentalism. Aside from some of his singular flights of fancy, and rhetorical flourishes, his paper is very readable, the communications being generally well-written and on topics of interest.

He must sorely miss the loss of some of his old friends. There seems to be a growing estrangement between himself and Oliver in the matter of opinion and sentiment, though perhaps not rupturing the ties of friendship. I highly approved an article which appeared in The Revolution from Oliver's pen, in opposition to the Woodhull construction of the U. S. Constitution, &c. But it is almost sneered at by T. T.

I hope you will find an advantage in the removal of The Nation to its present location, but it can hardly be on the score of light.

It seems you are pushed with work in your printing establishment. May it be, pecuniarily, as compensating as it is pressing!

George continues to "pursue the even tenor of his way" in the manufacture of boxes, and does a good deal of work for a very small remuneration. He seems to consider himself lucky if he simply meets all his expenses, having a wholesome dislike to be in debt, and no inordinate thirst for gain.

William begins to feel like himself again, having twice spent several hours at his wool store. Several weeks will yet be required to heal all his wounds.

Ellie and the babe are doing well. The latter was four weeks old yesterday, and weighs eleven pounds. Your loving Father.